



THE HALL OF WASTED THINGS.

At the Castle of Men's Sorrows, in the Hall of Wasted Things, Are broken old betrothals, and old betrothal rings, And long-forgotten kisses, and old letters never sent,

Now with these I'd fain deposit some few things of my own— Some paltry, wasted trifles that some one has outgrown; This tiny, battered locket, and this bit of gem-set gold,

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE suburban road was gay with the plumes of flowering lilac and the bright promise of laborium. The red buds on the May bushes had not yet uncurled.

She was leaning her arms on the gate and looking away from him. "So it's no use?" he said—

"It's no use?" he repeated, for she still kept silence, and her eyes were far away.

"No, it's no use," she said. "I couldn't marry anyone unless I was so fond of him that I couldn't bear my life without him."

"Then I'm not to come here any more—I suppose?" "Oh, dear," she said, drawing her eyebrows together with a worried frown.

"The child saw her sister and her friend, for he was a friend to all children, and struck the hoop so that it bounded on the curb and flew into the middle of the road."

"Her leg is broken. They have set it. It will be months before she can walk. But they say she will be all right again then."

"The two were standing at the gate again, but now there was no fresh rose in her face, and in his eyes no light of passion."

"My poor dear," he said—and she did not resent the words—"let me do anything I can. Forget all that folly of this morning, and let me help my poor little Vynie."

"I will—you shall," she said, looking at him through swollen eyelids red with weeping.

"You'd best go round," said the old woman when she came back from her mission; "he's more than ill. Pneumonia or something, and he keeps asking for you. Go you; I'll stay with the child. He's got no one with him but his landlady, a reckless body, if ever there was one. Go now, my lamb."

"So Rose went. His face showed ghastly in the frame of his disordered hair and of a three days' beard."

"Yes, yes; but what have you been doing? Oh, Tom, it isn't my fault, is it? I didn't drive you into folly? That woman says you've been out all night—every night since Vynie's been ill. Say it wasn't my doing."

"It was for Vynie," he said. "I was the nightingale, dear. Don't you remember how I used to call the robins for you in the winter? It was a silly little thing, but it was all I could do for the dear. And it did her good. You said so."

"He turned aside his head, exhausted. Rose's eyes were full of tears. "You stayed in that wood all night, every night? You imitated the nightingale in all the wind and rain? And now—"

"Yes, my sweetheart; but perhaps the nightingale's got such a pretty home, in the warm country where he lives, that he can't make up his mind to come here."

"No, my precious, no. Try to go to sleep, and Sissy will wake you if he begins to sing."

But Vynie could not sleep, and by morning the fever was high. She talked and moaned and laughed, but always her cry was for the nightingale.

"Don't," said the girl. "I believe Vynie will have no rest if he doesn't. When she heard the church bells this morning she told me to send to the clergyman and tell him to explain to God that she couldn't do without the nightingale. Oh, my own little girl! Oh, Tom, she's all I have."

"Tom was not such a fool as to say, 'You have me.' He only said, 'Yes, I know,' and pressed her hand."

"You are good," she said, and went back to the child. A little fitful sleep came in the long night hours of that terrible Sunday, but it was broken and feverish, and at every awakening the little voice, growing ever weaker, said:

"Isn't it dark yet? Won't God send the nightingale? Oh, Sissy, I do want to hear him."

"The old servant, who had been with the two sisters since Vynie's birth, two months after the father's death had come to the life of the mother, insisted on sending Rose to rest, and sat by Vynie's side."

"Nurse," whispered the child, "come close. Will you do what I say?" "Anything, my precious," said the old woman, holding the hot little hands in her smooth, withered palms.

"Well, kneel down and tell God I shall die if I don't have the nightingale. God will attend to you because you always remember to say your prayers. I forget mine sometimes, even when I'm not very sleepy. Oh, nurse, I shall never be sleepy any more. Do tell God all about it."

"The old woman knelt by the bedside, and with a faint smile and beautiful as the child's own 'told God all about it."

"The dusk was deepening. The child lay with cheeks scarlet against the white pillow and shining eyes fixed on the slowly darkening squares of the window. She moaned with pain and the misery of sleeplessness."

"Open the window, nurse, my dear," she said softly when the night had almost fallen. "I think I heard something."

"When the window was opened Vynie held her breath and listened to a silence that after a moment was softly broken by two or three mellow notes."

"Is it he, is it? Nurse—Nurse—!" "It's the nightingale, right enough, my pet," said the old woman, as Rose crept into the room like a ghost in her white dressing gown.

"Oh, Sissy, my own! It is—it is! God's not forgotten me. He's going to let me go to sleep, and I shall hear the nightingale even when I'm asleep. Listen!"

Again the full notes pierced the soft darkness. Rose gathered her little sister in her arms, and together they listened—Vynie to the song of the nightingale and Rose with a full heart to the breathing, gradually more even and tranquil, of the little child she held against her bosom.

"She's asleep," said the nurse, softly. "I won't move," whispered Rose. "I'll stay here. Oh, thank God, thank God!"

"Tom came every day to inquire, and it seemed to Rose that he grew paler and thinner in this anxious time, and every night the notes of the nightingale sounded from the dark wood—through nights radiant with clear moonlight, and through the black darkness of night with wind and rain. And Vynie grew stronger and ate and drank and played dominoes, and was on the high road to well-being once more."

"Then came a night when the nightingale did not sing. Vynie did not miss it; she slept so sound 'o' nights now. And on that night followed a day when Tom did not come, and then another day, and another. Rose missed him miserably. On the first day she was angry at his absence; on the second, anxious; on the third she sent the old nurse to see whether he was ill."

"No, my precious, no. Try to go to sleep, and Sissy will wake you if he begins to sing."

But Vynie could not sleep, and by morning the fever was high. She talked and moaned and laughed, but always her cry was for the nightingale.

"Don't," said the girl. "I believe Vynie will have no rest if he doesn't. When she heard the church bells this morning she told me to send to the clergyman and tell him to explain to God that she couldn't do without the nightingale. Oh, my own little girl! Oh, Tom, she's all I have."

"Tom was not such a fool as to say, 'You have me.' He only said, 'Yes, I know,' and pressed her hand."

"You are good," she said, and went back to the child. A little fitful sleep came in the long night hours of that terrible Sunday, but it was broken and feverish, and at every awakening the little voice, growing ever weaker, said:

"Isn't it dark yet? Won't God send the nightingale? Oh, Sissy, I do want to hear him."

"The old servant, who had been with the two sisters since Vynie's birth, two months after the father's death had come to the life of the mother, insisted on sending Rose to rest, and sat by Vynie's side."

"Nurse," whispered the child, "come close. Will you do what I say?" "Anything, my precious," said the old woman, holding the hot little hands in her smooth, withered palms.

"Well, kneel down and tell God I shall die if I don't have the nightingale. God will attend to you because you always remember to say your prayers. I forget mine sometimes, even when I'm not very sleepy. Oh, nurse, I shall never be sleepy any more. Do tell God all about it."

"The old woman knelt by the bedside, and with a faint smile and beautiful as the child's own 'told God all about it."

"The dusk was deepening. The child lay with cheeks scarlet against the white pillow and shining eyes fixed on the slowly darkening squares of the window. She moaned with pain and the misery of sleeplessness."

"Open the window, nurse, my dear," she said softly when the night had almost fallen. "I think I heard something."

"When the window was opened Vynie held her breath and listened to a silence that after a moment was softly broken by two or three mellow notes."

"Is it he, is it? Nurse—Nurse—!" "It's the nightingale, right enough, my pet," said the old woman, as Rose crept into the room like a ghost in her white dressing gown.

"Oh, Sissy, my own! It is—it is! God's not forgotten me. He's going to let me go to sleep, and I shall hear the nightingale even when I'm asleep. Listen!"

Again the full notes pierced the soft darkness. Rose gathered her little sister in her arms, and together they listened—Vynie to the song of the nightingale and Rose with a full heart to the breathing, gradually more even and tranquil, of the little child she held against her bosom.

"She's asleep," said the nurse, softly. "I won't move," whispered Rose. "I'll stay here. Oh, thank God, thank God!"

"Tom came every day to inquire, and it seemed to Rose that he grew paler and thinner in this anxious time, and every night the notes of the nightingale sounded from the dark wood—through nights radiant with clear moonlight, and through the black darkness of night with wind and rain. And Vynie grew stronger and ate and drank and played dominoes, and was on the high road to well-being once more."

"Then came a night when the nightingale did not sing. Vynie did not miss it; she slept so sound 'o' nights now. And on that night followed a day when Tom did not come, and then another day, and another. Rose missed him miserably. On the first day she was angry at his absence; on the second, anxious; on the third she sent the old nurse to see whether he was ill."

"You'd best go round," said the old woman when she came back from her mission; "he's more than ill. Pneumonia or something, and he keeps asking for you. Go you; I'll stay with the child. He's got no one with him but his landlady, a reckless body, if ever there was one. Go now, my lamb."

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that will interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Canning Children.

In the Palais des Industries Diverses, at the Paris Exposition, there was a wonderful display where all the French, as well as visiting foreign children, shouted with delight, and could scarcely be pulled away.

For there one saw St. Nicholas himself, setting off on his Christmas rounds with his big sledge loaded down with toys and gifts. The gray but merry old saint was in full dress, and held the ribbons of such a team of ponies as boys and girls dreamed of, but never before seen. The gorgeous magnificence of that wilderness of French toys on the sledge quite dazzled the eyes of the gaping youngsters who pressed eagerly forward to be as near as possible to such delightful treasures.

Hard by, too, there was a house, a children's Christmas house, furnished together with toys. We may conclude that it was St. Nicholas' residence, and that he was just driving away on his gladsome mission.

And what were the toys, these marvelous, Parisian toys? Everything that one can think of: Glittering beaded drums that beat; guns, with bayonets, that shot; cannons that went bang! dolls that walked, and said, "Papa!" and "Mamma!" elephants that swung their trunks, shuffled forward and trumpeted; tigers and lions that growled and gnashed their teeth; little pigs that came running forward, squealing for food; goats that bleated, and lowering their heads butted at dogs that barked; dear little pussy cats that mewled in the most natural manner; bunny rabbits that popped up out of burrows, raised their ears and looked all about them, chewing a little mouthful of grass all the while; wonderful bears that got up on their hind legs, wagged their heads, rolled their eyes, and extending their paws offered to hug you.

No wonder the children shouted, for even the grown-up visitors gathered about in a great crowd, and one could see by the puckers in their faces that they were greatly amused.

A little way off there was a kind of broad counter, where a French girl stood all day long, winding up these bears, goats, elephants, rabbits, cats and pigs, and setting them going. As fast as they ran down she wound them again, and so kept up an animated kind of circus performance all along the counter. The squealing and growling and the trumpeting and meowing constantly attracted a laughing throng.

Indeed, the girl who wound them up was the only one there who looked bored. I tried to ask her if it were not a little tiresome winding up pigs and elephants all day long, and seeing to it that they didn't run off the counter. She did not quite understand me, my French was so imperfect, and gave a little hopeless shrug as if my sympathy wasn't worth the trouble of comprehending it.—Youth's Companion.

Of a night we get to dreamin' of the happy days of yore, When our lifeboat was a floatin' out from boyhood's golden shore, Treasures that were half-forgotten come a-sailin' to the soul to dancin' to the music of delight!

Indeed, the girl who wound them up was the only one there who looked bored. I tried to ask her if it were not a little tiresome winding up pigs and elephants all day long, and seeing to it that they didn't run off the counter. She did not quite understand me, my French was so imperfect, and gave a little hopeless shrug as if my sympathy wasn't worth the trouble of comprehending it.—Youth's Companion.

The gingham dog and the calico cat Side by side on the table sat; 'Twas half-past twelve, and what do you know, Neither of them had slept a wink!

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!" And the calico cat replied "meow!" And the air was streaked for an hour or so With fragments of gingham and calico, While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place

Up with its hands before its face, For it always doesed a fairly good fellow (Now mind, I'm simply telling you) What the old Dutch clock declares is true.

The Chinese plate looked very blue And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we do?" But the gingham dog and the calico cat Wallowed this way and tumbled that And utilized every tooth and claw— And, of how the gingham and calico flew!

Next morning where the two had sat They found no trace of the dog or cat; And some folks think unto this day That burglars stole that pair away; But the truth about that cat and pup Is that they ate each other up— Now, what do you read of that?

The old Dutch clock, it told me so, And that is how I came to know.— Eugene Field.

Finishing a Long-Lost Penny. Jabez Alvord of Winsted, Conn., hunted for a penny for sixty-three years. He found it recently just where he hid it. It is of the vintage—or mintage—of 1818.

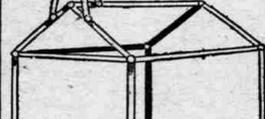
It is the first penny Jabez ever earned. He was 10 years old. The copper, the foundation of the fortune he dreamed of, looked very big, indeed, to him. He hid it in a crack in the floor near the hearthstone of the house of his father, Deacon James Alvord. Weeks passed and the thrifty young Jabez went to get his hidden treasure. He could not find it. His father, mother, sisters and brothers all truly declared they had not seen the penny.

"I'll find it if it takes me the rest of my life!" cried the earnest Jabez. The old Alvord homestead is being demolished. Jabez, now aged, but still

thrifty, has been on hand looking for his penny. When the floor was removed from around the hearthstone there, imbedded in dust, was the penny.

Amateur mathematicians are amusing themselves by calculating how often the penny would have multiplied in sixty-three years at 6 per cent compound interest. It would amount to 42 cents and 4 mills.

Built with Toothpicks. With a few toothpicks and a piece of wax a great many objects can be formed, chairs, sofas, tables, houses and many other objects that it is fun for



the children to plan out for themselves. By breaking some of the toothpicks in two it will be found that a far greater number of articles can be made.

Doing and Not Doing. "Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharfs in Boston and addressing the well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman. "I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy. "What have you done?" "I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner. "Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whistled in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman. "You can ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of it some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."—Christian Leader.

Buckwheat Cakes an' Gravy. Of a night we get to dreamin' of the happy days of yore, When our lifeboat was a floatin' out from boyhood's golden shore, Treasures that were half-forgotten come a-sailin' to the soul to dancin' to the music of delight!

Indeed, the girl who wound them up was the only one there who looked bored. I tried to ask her if it were not a little tiresome winding up pigs and elephants all day long, and seeing to it that they didn't run off the counter. She did not quite understand me, my French was so imperfect, and gave a little hopeless shrug as if my sympathy wasn't worth the trouble of comprehending it.—Youth's Companion.

The gingham dog and the calico cat Side by side on the table sat; 'Twas half-past twelve, and what do you know, Neither of them had slept a wink!

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!" And the calico cat replied "meow!" And the air was streaked for an hour or so With fragments of gingham and calico, While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place

Up with its hands before its face, For it always doesed a fairly good fellow (Now mind, I'm simply telling you) What the old Dutch clock declares is true.

The Chinese plate looked very blue And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we do?" But the gingham dog and the calico cat Wallowed this way and tumbled that And utilized every tooth and claw— And, of how the gingham and calico flew!

Next morning where the two had sat They found no trace of the dog or cat; And some folks think unto this day That burglars stole that pair away; But the truth about that cat and pup Is that they ate each other up— Now, what do you read of that?

The old Dutch clock, it told me so, And that is how I came to know.— Eugene Field.

Finishing a Long-Lost Penny. Jabez Alvord of Winsted, Conn., hunted for a penny for sixty-three years. He found it recently just where he hid it. It is of the vintage—or mintage—of 1818.

It is the first penny Jabez ever earned. He was 10 years old. The copper, the foundation of the fortune he dreamed of, looked very big, indeed, to him. He hid it in a crack in the floor near the hearthstone of the house of his father, Deacon James Alvord. Weeks passed and the thrifty young Jabez went to get his hidden treasure. He could not find it. His father, mother, sisters and brothers all truly declared they had not seen the penny.

"I'll find it if it takes me the rest of my life!" cried the earnest Jabez. The old Alvord homestead is being demolished. Jabez, now aged, but still



Barn for Forty Cows. Here is a plan for a barn for forty cows and having double stalls for horses and a pen for a bull. It is to be built in a hill side with about four feet in the rear and yet is not a basement. The barn is in the form of an L and has two silos.

The ground is dug out all along the back end, which are supported by a stone wall. The barn is then built in the usual way of timber. The silos are placed as shown, with a bridge over the open space, so that the silage may be moved by a silge right on to the main floor, and from thence be distributed to the cows by draw through trap doors in the main floor. Every convenience has been studied. The



height of basement is nine feet and there are plenty of windows for light and ventilation; the basement floor is of cement, and is fully drained, the drainage from the gutters being carried to a manure shed in the covered yard.

The dotted lines show the trap doors above for feed and litter. The water from the main roof is run into a cistern at the side of the driveway and the water from the front is collected in a cistern near the yard, where cattle may be watered when desired. If desired, drinking bowls may be fitted in the stalls and supplied with water from a pipe made to connect with each of the bowls, by the simple turning of one cock under the driveway. The two pens C.C. are for young calves and if desired a hospital pen, or two, may be made under the driveway at the end of the open passage. The whole cost is estimated at from \$1,200 to \$1,500.

Hand-Operated Stump-Puller. A stump-puller, which can be easily operated by the man and which will do its work without straining the user will always have a ready sale in the farming districts and new land of the country, and the device which we show in the picture seems to have these advantages to recommend it. It has been patented by Theodore H. McCain of Monroe, Wash., and is light enough to be carried on the shoulder of the man who operates it. As will be seen, the connection between the stump and a solid tree or more firmly set stump is made by means of ropes and pulleys, with a chain connecting one pulley to



the winding drum. This winding drum has external teeth over which the links of the chain fit to prevent slipping, affording a much firmer hold than if the ropes were wound directly on the drum. A long lever is used to rotate the drum and a ratchet device locks the drum against backward revolution while a new hold is being taken with the lever. By working the lever back and forth the chain is gradually drawn through the drums until the stump roots give away.

The Cost of Making Butter. The creamery conducted on the right principles is one of the best friends of the farmer, and if it can be started it should receive the intelligent support of those who raise the milk and cream for it. Too often there is an antagonism between the creamery owners and the farmers, and the latter, to show that they have the power to close the creamery, may very easily destroy a profitable industry in the vicinity. It certainly pays farmers better to raise their milk and cream for the creamery than for most of the city markets. In these latter places the price for milk is

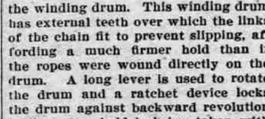
often so ridiculously small that carrying does not pay. The remedy often is for more farmers to encourage the erection of creameries. In parts of the West and East where creameries have been established farmers get more returns from their farms, and are better contented, than in dairying regions where the milk is all shipped to cities.

The cost of making a pound of butter has been steadily decreased by means of the improved creamery, and it is possible for creamery to make and sell butter at a profit when farmers cannot. Country butter does not sell well in the large markets. Creamery seems to have a charmed name for consumers, and they demand this every time. Country butter to-day is a drug in many markets—as low as 8 and 10 cents per pound. The farmer making his butter cannot make a living at any such prices.

The day of the country butter has gone, and the farmers of any dairying region should recognize this and not waste their time in making it. The milk should either be raised for a creamery, or the farmers should join together and run their own creamery. As a rule, the man who will put up the creamery and run it himself will do better than an association of farmers where too many heads are apt to cause disputes and bickerings. Milk sent to the creamery pays a way from 12 to 22 cents a pound, and at this price the farmer is making far more than by making his own butter. This comparatively high price is made possible because of the better prices received for creamery, and for the low cost of manufacturing it. This latter varies because the size of the creameries vary. The larger the creamery the cheaper the butter can be made, and this varies all the way from 1 cent a pound to 7 cents. The two extremes, however, are exceptions, and at somewhere between them the actual cost could be placed, say from 3 to 5 cents.—S. W. Chambers, in American Cultivator.

Profit from Cows. It is estimated that the cost of a cow for one year for food alone is about \$25, says the Farmers' Journal. This amount she must return to her owner before she can make any profit, and yet there will remain the cost of the labor and shelter, for which she will pay with the manure, as it possesses value, as well as the milk. If the farmer cannot get enough from the cow to pay for the food she eats he will keep her at a loss. At \$25 per year the cost is about 7 cents per day. The price of the milk in market will determine the value of the cow. If she produces 2,500 quarts of milk in a year, the cost of each quart will be reduced. All cows cannot be kept for one year at so low a cost, but as there must be an expense for the cow whether she proves valuable or not, the dairyman should seek the best, in order to reduce the cost.

Fodder Shock Flinger. An Ohio Farmer reader sends the accompanying description of an appliance that he uses to tie the corn fodder in the shocks. It is a piece of hard wood three feet long, round and tapered to a point. A crossbar is solidly fastened upon the large end, and to one side of the middle of this crossbar is stapled a half inch



rope, with a ring in the free end. Opposite the staple is a strong iron hook. To bind, insert sharp end into shock, put rope around shock and fasten ring in hook. Tighten by turning as you would an auger and bind with corn-stalks or twine.

Spraying Fruit Trees. A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer says he has been spraying fruit trees with more or less success for eleven years, but only for the last four years has he obtained results entirely satisfactory. He now slakes lime in the ordinary manner and strains it. Then for apple and plum trees he adds to a gallon of this two gallons of water and two teaspoonfuls of London purple, and sprays the trees before the bloom comes out, and again after the bloom is gone. Gives a third and fourth application if necessary, which is not often the case. Never spray while the bloom is on, as it drowns, poisons or kills the pollen. Uses the same on currants and gooseberries before they bloom and after the fruit has started. For peaches and pears he weakens it, using one-half gallon of lime water and one teaspoonful of London purple in two gallons of water. Uses lime water without London purple to spray trees after fruit is fair size, to prevent fruit rotting on the trees, and has succeeded in saving it by shaking slaked lime from a can attached to a pole, right on the ripening fruit.

Location of Poultry Houses. John M. Wise, in American Poultry Journal, says, if possible, locate poultry houses on high, dry ground. Select an elevated site, protected by trees on the north and west. If the yards in front are exposed too much to the sun, plant trees. If you are afraid the fowls will destroy them by scratching about the roots, place stones about the trees, or make a board frame, which can be cheaply and easily made from any old lumber. This will also act as a shield and keep the ground cool and moist. Trees and fowls are good friends, and should never be separated.

Sheep for Special Places. As regards the sheep, it is true that for every breed there is one especial place in which it does its best. Even the marsh has its special breed suited to its damp soil and coarse herbage.—Sheep Breeder.